SUBTERRANEAN SIDE SHOW

THIS IS "BE PREPARED WEEK" PLANAHEAD

Vol. 2 No. 6 Monday, November 2, 1970 [illegible]

BOND SPEECH A COMEDY of CLICHES

By Jim Ridings

The Julian Bond appearance at Pershing auditorium last Wednesday evening unfolded into what Shakespeare might call "a comedy of cliches." All the classic elements were there, not just in the speech itself, but in the entire atmosphere. The overzealous, edgy white liberal, [illegible] of the audience, not really impressing anyone; the audience, following Mr. Bond's tinker-toy-revolutionary cliches, came off like pseudo-militants, anxious to participate in overthrowing America and whitey as long as it didnt interfere with their studies or football. Undoubtably swept in the significance of the event of having a major, Black, American politician speak on campus, the show seemed a bit plastic. It is a pity that Bond, who could become a very important figure in American politics to come, resorted to his own "romantic rhetoric." Indeed, he seemed impelled to remind the audience that he was actually black, as though they would forget if he didnt remind them. In order to do this, he must have surmised, he would read from a classic Black writing, the July 4th 1852 address of Frederick Douglass. This speech, powerful and righteous a speech as any, somehow failed to bridge the 118 year gap for Bond. An impeccably dressed and groomed young man, he failed to relate when speaking of enslavement and deprivation of Black people while minutes later flashing tickets he held for a ring side seat to the Clay-quarry fight, or of his "long flight in from Portland today." Or of assailing democracy (or the lack of it) while stating that for several elections he has gathered 85% of the vote running unopposed.

I went to cover the speech to relate to [illegible] readers what a young politician on the rise, like Mr. Bond, had to say about the issues and the times. Sitting in the audience, however, I got the old feeling of "the good little reporter" who writes the typical coverage of "capacity-crowd, started-45-minutes-late, Juliet-King-and-Madrigals-sang, etc." You can read The Blazer for these important facts. The SSS, as you may have already guessed, is opinionated, and writes it as it sees it.

True, the [illegible] agrees with almost all of Mr. Bonds ideas, on Nixon, Agnew, Hoover, racism, Fred Hampton, among others. Some writes said he went too far, some blacks said he didnt go far enough, that he was pale compared to Cleaver or Seale. Whichever, Bond has but to play his political cards right to insure himself some sort of a role in future American politics.

movie review: "grease woman from the year 3000; a silver fross odyssey"

By Mike Wilseld

For the last year or so, a number of the more prominent rock groups have been going back into the 1950's for their material. And now, in a brilliant and unprecedented move, one of America's most prominent directors has brought the '50's grease trend to the shining silver screen.

"Grease Woman" is a story which bridges across the entire history of mankind. In the opening scenes we see primitive man putting grease in his hair for the first time. Then, in a sudden cut to the year 3000, we see the last remnant of the "grease age" teasing her hair in front of a mirror. We see in the next scenes how despondent she is with the year 3000, and it comes as no surprise to the viewer when she finally gets in a time machine with the controls set for 1955 a.d.

The Grease Woman finds the only fleeting happiness she has ever known in 1955. Working her way to a certain mid-western town, she takes a job as a car hop in a Silver Fross drive-in. While working at this drive-in, she meets the only man she would ever love.

Ruben Gang, who grew to love the Grease Woman, was quite a man in the year 1955. The rear end of Ruben's car was jacked up so high that he had to use a rope ladder to get in. This of course made him a star at the Silver Fross and the favorite of all the car hops.

But happiness was not the lot of the Grease Woman. Ruben forgot that the rear end of his car was raised that high and met with an unfortunate end one day as he tried to go under an overpass.

This shattered the Grease Woman and she realized that she should have stayed in her own time. In the last scene of the movie, which puzzles the entire audience, the Grease Woman is lying in bed with a number of anxious faces around her. She addresses one of them, who has a large M on her white uniform, as Auntie M and tries to tell her of the year 1955. This woman does not believe her and addresses her for the first time in the picture by her name (Dor Key). The Grease Woman wonders if it may have all been a dream but, as she teases her hair, she

(continued page 3)

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—SUB SIDE SHOW ADV—

NEW FEATURE DEPT

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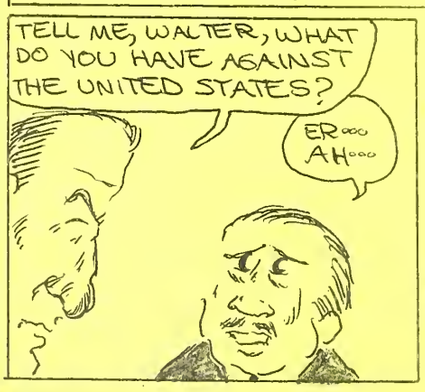
SPIRO" BY JIM RIDINGS

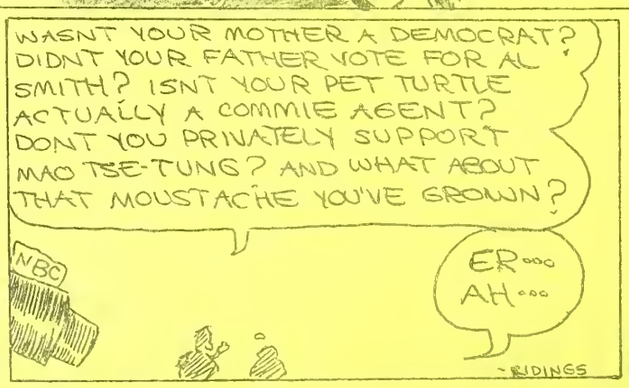
HELLO, THIS IS SPIRO AGNEW REPORTING, AND WELCOME TO "BEAT THE PRESS," THE NEWS SHOW WHERE POLITICIANS INTERVIEW THE NEWSCASTERS!

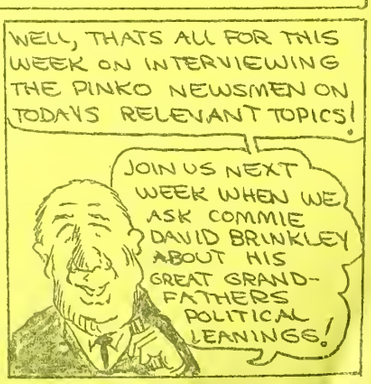
I'LL TRY NOT TO BE AS BIASED OR ONE SIDED AS THE COMMENTATORS! I'LL GIVE THEM AN EVEN BREAK AND WONT PREJUDICE THE PUBLIC AGAINST THEM. I PLAN TO BE FAIR AND OBJECTIVE!

AND HERE'S OUR FIRST OPPONENT, THAT FAT POLOCK WALTER CRONKITE!

10-70

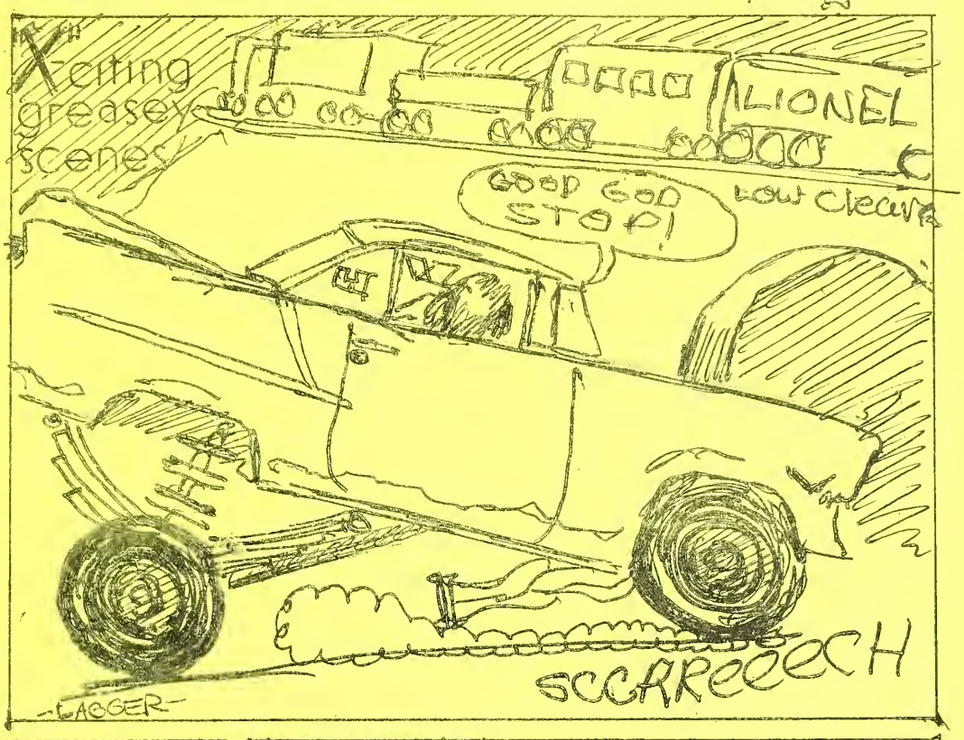






Special—Action Shots from this weeks Movie

"grease woman"



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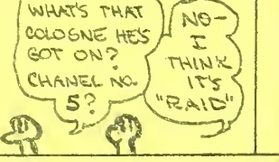


movie review

SINATRA AS "DIRTY DINGUS MAGEE"

By John Goodwin

The extremely funny thing about Frank Sinatra's new movie, Frank Clark's book, and director Oliver Sargal's casting is that, rather than trying to appear as a serious Western, or even a serious attempt at a comedy-western, these guys just make a funny movie.

The title is "Dirty Dingus Magee", the amusing book is by Frank Clark, and we fortunately caught the subtle hints in last weekend's paper for the sneak preview at the Chicago Theater. Escorting the little lady, we were treated to a very funny flick.

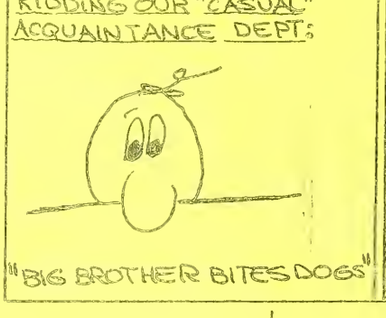
Sinatra, with the presence that pervades all of his efforts ("there's no such thing as a bad boy...except Lenny Bruce" Joel Beck, The Profit), plays most of the movie in and out of jail, in his red flannel underwear. George Kennedy, far from his Airport and tough guy opposite Jim Brown days, is the weak kneed sheriff who practices his sharp shooting in a corrail, nipping off corners (if he's lucky) of Magee's wanted poster. And Jack Elam, that ugly (always villian with the weak eye) yet lovable heavy--for those of you not familiar with the name--is John Wesley Harding, who steals Magee's derby hat ("gotta take something...code of the west"), little realizing that it is Magee's trademark, and that he's a sitting duck in the silhouetted shadows of dusk.

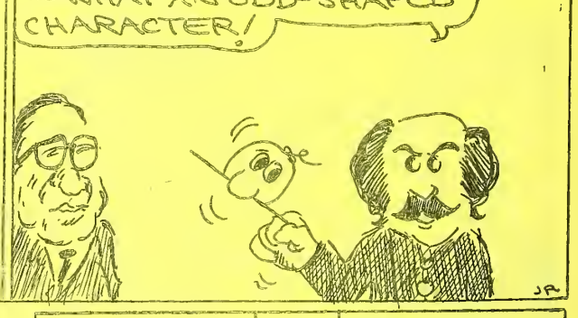
The motives of the movie's actions are ludicrous at best; Magee's pranks are designed to raise his undignified reward, the sheriff repeatedly unlocks the jail cell in lieu of his secret participation in a robbery Magee supposedly has planned ("think of how much you could make, sheriff"), and his very authority as a lawman comes from the towns mayor-madame ("I figure I got the biggest business in this town. That makes me mayor.").

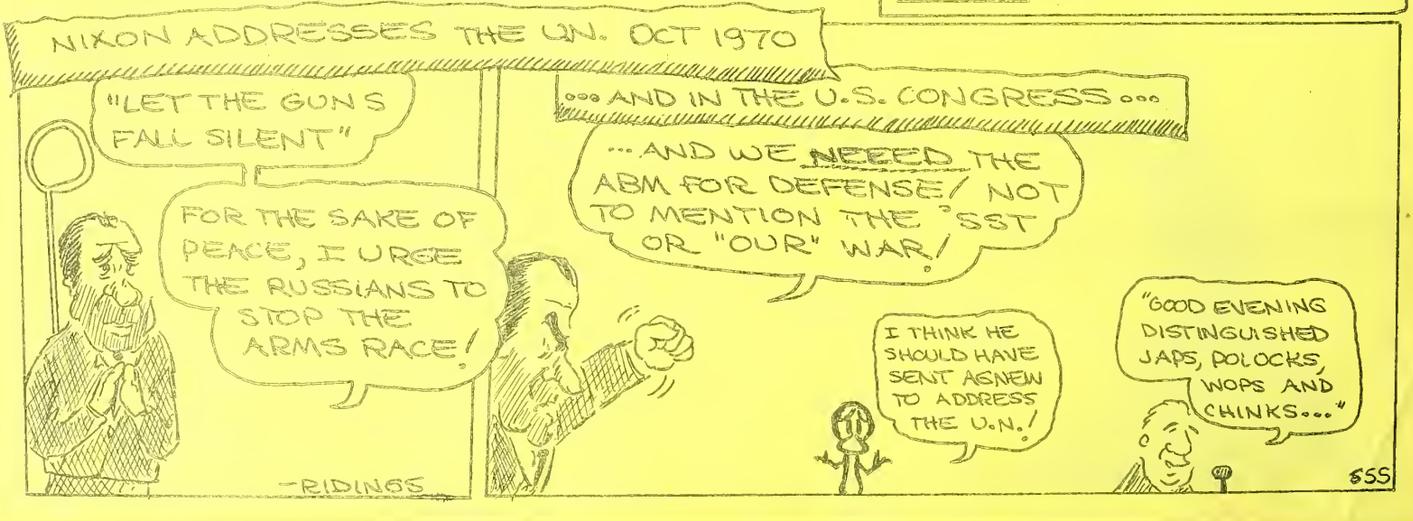
There are several qualities that make a movie funny and successful. One, like Move or Hello Dolly is the star's drawing power. Another, like The Graduate is the precise way the action catches [illegible] of, by virtue of their proverbial nature. And a third is the sharing of emotional outbursts, as in the kids exclamation when leaping from the cliff in Butch Cassiday. Dirty Dingus Magee has all these and more, and we extend a very high recommendation to our readers to see it when it opens in Chicago or Joliet. It's based on a book, The Ballad of Dingus Magee, also very amusing, should anyone be interested, if you would like to follow the adventures missed in the screen play.

Who could ever forget Frank Sinatra, as the mischievous dead-end-kid-like Magee, trying to open a safe by dragging it behind his horse between two trees, and being ripped off on his...?

In addition to being the greatest singer of all time, Frank Sinatra also proves himself a "master" of the world today.





last days!
SSS CLOSE OUT SALE

side show
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